



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

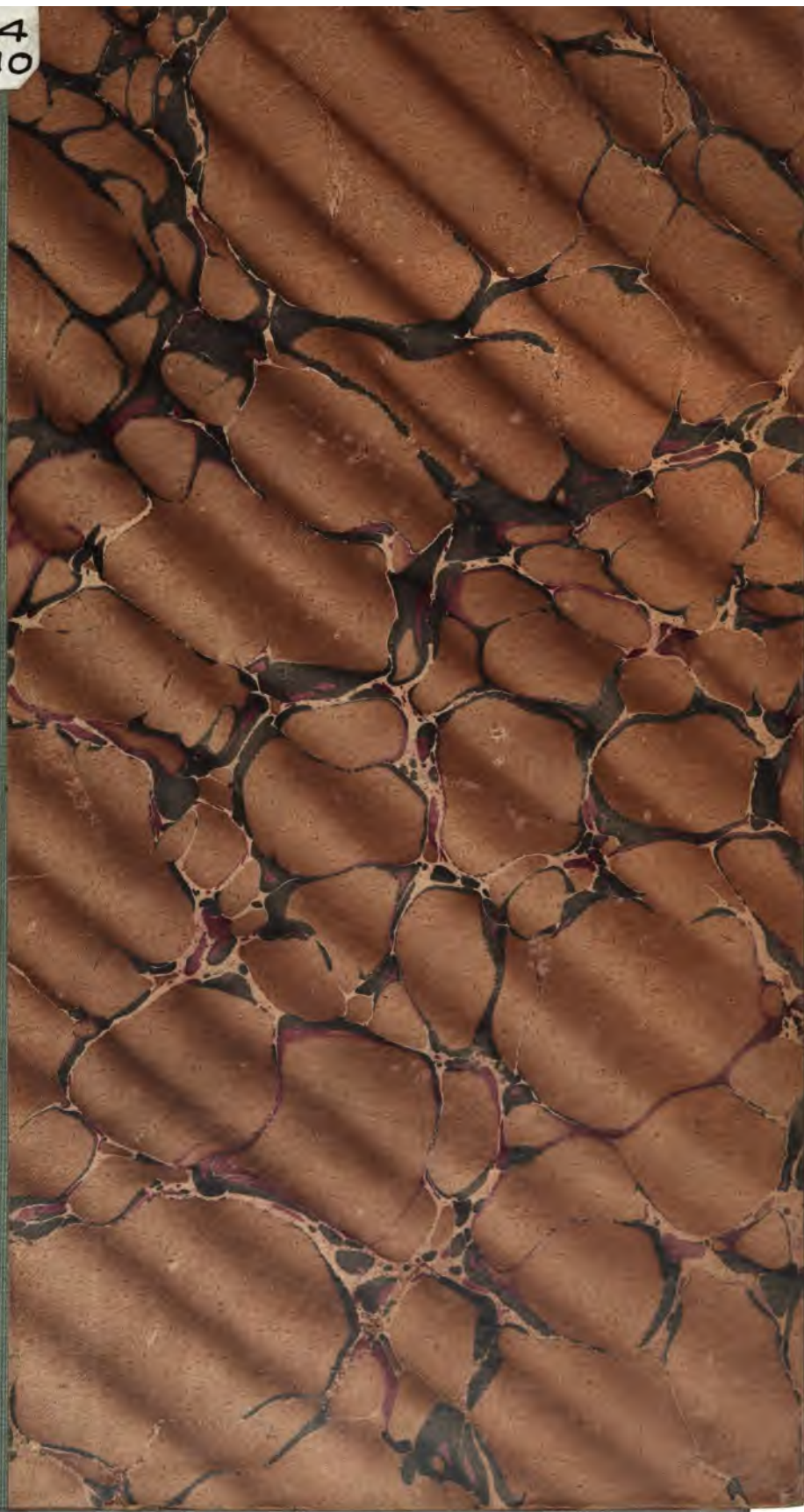
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Vindication of Friends . 1852

8344
372 . 10



C 8344.372.10



Harvard College Library

FROM

.....Henry Joel Cadbury.....

.....

.....

VINDICATION OF FRIENDS;

(BY ONE NOT A MEMBER,)

FROM SLANDERS CONTAINED IN A BOOK JUST PUBLISHED,

ENTITLED

QUAKERISM,

OR,

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

BY AN IRISH LADY.

(MRS. GREER.)

"Avoid discontented persons, unless to inform or reprove them. Abhor detraction, the Sin of Fallen Angels, and the worst Sin of Fallen Men."

WILLIAM PENN.



PHILADELPHIA :
GETZ & BUCK, No. 38 ARCADE, EAST AVENUE.

1852.

C. 344.372.10

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
HENRY JOEL CADBURY
MAR 3 1937

P R E F A C E .

A CERTAIN Irish Baronet, Sir Jonah Barrington by name, who in his palmy days, and during the wild age in which he lived, must have been a conspicuous personage, took it into his head not many years ago to give to the world the story of his life, which he, or some one else for him, dashed off in a most amusing manner. Either his own credulity was large, or he counted largely upon the existence of that element in others; and being quite unscrupulous in regard to the truth of his statements, so that his stories told well, his book exhibits a succession of bounces of the first order. One of these recounts an accident which, upon any other occasion, might be thought of rather a serious nature. Two light-hearted Irish boys, he tells us, were going out one fine morning to mow, carrying their scythes over their shoulders with the handles hanging down. In passing a clear stream, one of them, named Mike, espied a fine trout resting itself in a still place under a jutting bank close to him, and in a merry humor called out to his companion that he intended to give the fish a podge with his scythe handle. In carrying out this freak, the scythe, which had been entirely forgotten, came down across Mike's neck, severing from the body his precious head, which, according to the well-vouched for story, went rolling down the brook.

This specimen from Sir Jonah's rich stock will perhaps be sufficient to show that the air of his country is favorable to the production of bounces of the first order; other proofs of which, in abundance, may be found in the pages of the Irish lady's story of her life. This lady, by-the-by, puts in *her* claim to honorary distinction as a descendant of a sprig of nobility. The proud aristocracy of Britain will not have much reason to feel flattered by their connection with such a pair of mendacious associates.

QUAKERISM,

OR,

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Broad Style of the Authoress.—Her Book calculated to injure Friends with those Unacquainted with them.—Professions of Truth and Freedom from Exaggeration, nullified by the Story of Friend Flannel and other Fictions.—Disgusting Picture of the Rudeness of this American Minister.—His worse than Savage Performances and Despicable Texts.—Decline of Religious Fanaticism and Acerbity in all Christian Sects.—Progressive Improvements in Friends' Schools in the United States.—Commendation of their high Moral Code.—Denial of their Claims to be considered a Religious Body.—Invidious Opinions of other Religious Persuasions.—Catholics, and Queer Story of the Immigration of Souls from Purgatory.

“QUAKERISM,” professing to have been written by a lady who, during forty years, was a member of the Society of Friends in Ireland, presents a broad caricature of this religious persuasion, the sketches being drawn less in the lively and graceful manner of the French, than in the gross style which has generally characterized the English school of humorous art. Every page shows malice; and the calumnies and misrepresentations are so numerous and flagrant, as to render the work unworthy the notice of the Society it is designed to injure, were it not for the prejudice it is well calculated to excite in the minds of those who have not had opportunities of making themselves acquainted with Friends, in their religious or civil relations. Not satisfied with such a display of misrepresentation as flip-pant writers frequently indulge in, the authoress has resorted to perversions of truth of the worst kind, namely, such as are put forth with the most serious asseverations of their verity: “Every scene I have witnessed,” she asserts, in her Preface, “is drawn from nature; every circumstance I have related is substantially true. I have carefully abstained from exaggeration, and repeatedly thrown the veil of obscurity over the record of scenes which too strongly developed the subject I was treating.”

No one who has the least knowledge of the proprieties of life

so generally observed in the social relations of Friends, can read the disgusting portraiture of Friend Flannel, without blushing for the authoress of the hideous description given of this worse than savage American, who, in travelling through England and Ireland, is charged with rudely closing the blinds of the carriage, because, as he is made to say, angrily, "he did not come from America to see the country. He did not look at the country, nor would he look at it; it was not worth looking at, for the trees were no bigger than American bushes; and he did not like to see so many houses and no woods." And with such expressions of his distastes and designs, he shuts himself up in total darkness, and not only himself, but his two travelling companions, who were anxious to see as much rural scenery as they possibly could. And then the very extravagant story of his drawing off, before the parlor fire, and much company present, his mocassin boots, and coarse worn-out stockings, gartered up with the bark of a tree and twine, baring two of "the biggest and dirtiest feet ever beheld," and holding first one to the fire and then the other, grumbling that the fire was not good because it was made of coal, instead of wood, as it ought to have been. To say nothing of his sermon upon the text of "There was an old horse and he had a sore leg,"—his habit of eating roast beef with his fingers—the tray-load of bread, cheese, and porter ordered by him, so that he might have something to eat on waking up in the night—and the story of the night disturbance, in which he is made to lose his way in the dark, and get into the room of the female servants, show not only a want of delicacy, but the most reckless disregard of truth and common decency. And yet the authoress asserts, that this disgusting creature of her fertile imagination was "sent from America, with an epistle setting forth the approval of their Yearly Meetings, and their sanction to preach as an inspired minister of the Christian religion, and, subsequently, indorsed by the full approbation of English Yearly Meetings, conducted over to Dublin, and thence to the South, as something far more holy than common!!"

Our knowledge of Friends has been gained from most intimate intercourse with the Society as it exists in America, and more especially within the Diocesan limits constituting the Yearly Meetings of Philadelphia and Baltimore. We are certainly forced to acknowledge that we have met with many specimens of rather uncouth and unsophisticated characters, who seemed to be, for the most part, unacquainted with the conventional usages of highly refined society. But most of these belonged to a by-gone age, their manners having been formed in accordance with the fanatical, austere, intolerant, and exclusive spirit, which seemed to sway at one time every

other religious persuasion. The Society of Friends in the United States have lost much of the original acerbity with which they, in common with other sects, were tinctured, and learned to view the world through a less sombre medium, and thus make themselves more accurately acquainted with its affairs, and their own proper position in it. They have improved their schools, and introduced into many of them instruction in the classics. Always well informed upon general and special subjects, they are far from requiring, in America at least, the aid of the rough-handed female disciplinarian, who has so kindly proffered her assistance, to scatter the ashes of the smouldering fire, and "re-kindle the spark of life-giving heat."

After so much said to deprive Friends of all claims to intelligence and decency, we are somewhat surprised that the authoress should have sufficient candor or conscience left to compel her to declare, that "Respectable, active, *intelligent*, benevolent, useful, wealthy, and influential, they undoubtedly are." To destroy any favorable impression which might be created by such high terms of commendation, she, however, immediately goes on to say—"but a man may be all this, and yet be devoid of that religion without which he can never hope for eternal life. To consider the Society of Friends as a religious body, is a monstrous stretch of the imagination."

—Such a "monstrous" exhibition of bigotry and intolerance may well justify the application of the text, "Judge not lest ye be judged." What might be her definition of "a religious body," we of course know not, but feel warranted in supposing that it would embrace many whose claims to sanctity rest more upon outward religious observances and worldly professions, than of those who quietly and unobtrusively practice the essentials of vital Christianity. In venturing upon the very delicate matter of judging of the extent of religion in others, we have come to the conclusion, which we regard a safe one, not to consider those who deal out dogmas, make the highest professions, and show most devotion in church, as the most religious, but such as take most of the spirit of the Gospel home with them, and display it in their daily intercourse with their fellow men.

Although her malice exhibits itself with greatest severity towards Friends, she does not hesitate to level her shafts against other denominations, whenever they come in her way. Being so situated during one portion of her stay in England that she could not attend the meetings of her own Society, she thought it incumbent upon her to go to some other places of worship.

"First," she says, "I visited the Independent Meeting-house, and did not like it. The preacher there enforced on his auditors the duty of signing petitions to Parliament for Reform, with more energy than suited my idea of a Christian minister. Then I went to the Methodist preaching-house, and my

Quaker feelings were shocked with seeing a fiddler stand up to raise the tunes. Besides this, they had the water for baptism brought into the Church in a common, small, blue earthenware bowl; and I thought that did not look nice for a place of worship; but the preaching was very good, and I went there regularly, until they changed the preacher. His successor was a politician; so I left. Then I went to the meeting of the Plymouth Brethren; but I could feel no unity with them, in what seemed to me an insult to the Almighty. They would not ask a person of rank to meet them in such a den, as they had thought good enough to consecrate to the service of the King of kings. It was a loft over a stable. You had to pass through a coal-yard to the half-ladder, half-stairs, by which it was gained. A dark, dirty, small, mean room, with an unceiled roof; and, in the evening service, two shabby chamber candlesticks were placed on the top of two men's hats, on a little, rickety deal table. The brethren were a wealthy body, and built up good houses for themselves."

She tells a queer story about her visit, when a child, in charge of her Irish nurse, to the Chapel attached to the Presentation Convent, where she was delighted with the beautifully ornamented altar, with its exquisitely dressed wax doll to represent the Virgin Mary, with the prettiest lace cap on its little head; the quilt was white satin, embroidered with gold, to represent a lamb with a cross, as if held in its fore feet; and the flowers, which were strewn so profusely around, she never before had seen such elegant artificial flowers, all highly perfumed.

"It was a very pretty show altogether; there were about a dozen priests, and they went in and out, always returning in a different dress; and two pretty little boys dressed in white, tossed the silver censers of incense about; and the nuns peeped out now and then from behind their screen. I thought it the prettiest piece of raree show I had ever seen, and well worth the reprimand I expected to receive on returning home. However, it was poor Jenny got all the blame; and I was so emboldened by my escape, that I resolved to watch for an opportunity to go see the Protestant Cathedral also. It was a long time before I attained my wish; and when I did, it was a great disappointment to me; for I had fancied there would be pretty things to see; and instead of that, it was only prayers that I could understand, and a sermon as long as one of those of our own Women Friends; besides, reading the Bible—which any one could do."

But the richest part of her Philippic against the Catholics, is the description of the immigration of souls from purgatory. The scene, demonstrative of the efficacy of prayers for the dead, was described to her by her mother, who had witnessed it in her youth, at Cork, on All Soul's Day, in the Roman Catholic Cathedral.

"She told me that on going in, the Chapel was dazzlingly light. Wax candles three feet high, blazed upon the altar; and every one of the numerous priests in attendance carried in his hand a lighted taper. One of them gave an oration, or sermon, on the inestimable value of masses for the souls in purgatory; and assured his hearers, that that very evening, they should behold the souls of their own dead ancestors; who, having spent years in torment, were now, thanks to the masses offered up in that Chapel, emancipated from their misery, and going to enter into the regions of glory. When he ceased speaking, the prayers for the dead were chanted. The lights gradually went out, until the whole chapel and its vast congregation were in total darkness; then, a sickly glare was visible around the altar; and in that dim light, was distinctly seen a number of small, bright-red, queer looking objects, passing over it. One of the priests, as if in an ecstasy, then gave thanks for the

answer to his prayers; and called on the people to be no longer faithless, but believe, as they now saw with their own eyes, that souls were indeed released from purgatory by the prayers of the Church.

"This curious exhibition interested me greatly; and we were all guessing and puzzling ourselves to understand it, but in vain. However, before leaving Cork, my mother went to pay a visit to her old nurse, and took me with her. The old woman was delighted to see her foster child; and called her as of old, 'my own dear Miss Mary.' They chatted together for a long time, giving each other intelligence of their different families. At last my mother asked for James, her own foster brother. Nurse said, he was well, and had now got a fine situation. He was clerk to the priest. Whilst speaking of him, James came in. A nice looking man, with an eye beaming with fun and good humor. He was most cordial in his welcome; and my mother, with her usual tact, set him at his ease. In a few moments he joined in the conversation, but I forget all they said, except one part, that no one could ever forget that heard it. My mother told them of her visit to the chapel, and of the queer things she had seen crawling over the altar; and she asked James what they were? 'The souls, to be sure, ma'am,' said James. But my mother laughed, and said, surely he knew she was only a heretic; and he might gratify her, by telling what they really were. 'Indeed, then,' said James, 'when you were a child, like myself, I never could refuse you any thing; and I am sure I wont begin to deny you now; and besides, as you say, you are a heretic; and I wish I had half as good a chance of heaven, for all that, as you have; but at any rate, there is no chance of the priest ever knowing that I told you; so you may as well hear it. It was I, myself, that got them for him; I got all the crabs I could lay my hands on, for love or money; and Father Kelly and I put the little red cloth jackets on them; and we had a thread fastened to every one of them; if they did not chose to walk right, to make them. And, you know, it was so dark, you could not see much about it; and now, ma'am dear, was it not a capital clever delusion for the poor ignorant creatures that believe every thing?'"

Of Catholics she unblushingly says—"Roman Catholics openly profess to keep no faith with heretics, and with them all are heretics who are not Roman Catholics." She charges Quakers with being equally unscrupulous in their dealings with those out of the pale of their Society.

CHAPTER II.

Women Friends, the most sensible and religious.—Striking disproportion between the preachers of the two sexes.—Mistaken views put forth of Friends usages.—Useless threats.—Motives assigned for writing her book evidently not true—Charges against Friends redounding to their credit—Sacred names used most irreverently in some Countries—Reluctance of Friends to mention them, even in their sermons—Comparison of Friends with Catholics—Accusation against Friends of intolerance—Unrelenting persecution—Glorious example of toleration of William Penn—Forbearing spirit—False and most wicked charges.

MANY of the statements in this libellous volume, would lead one not well acquainted with the usages of Friends, to suspect that the authoress, so far from having been forty years a Friend, was but a wolf in sheep's clothing. One who, having picked up from some acquaintances, much idle twaddle, had thrown it into

the lively narrative form, best calculated to excite public curiosity, and make a saleable book. A kind of speculation to help pay costs of the Chancery suit, of which more anon. An example may be found in the Preface, where we read the following passage :

“The ridiculous nonsense of some of the scenes I have related will, doubtless, annoy the Friends; and those who have not attended the meetings, or previously known the curious discipline of the Society, may perhaps imagine that the men’s meetings are more sensible than the women’s; they will be greatly mistaken who do so; the women are infinitely the most religious portion of the community. There are twenty women preachers, or more, to one man.” Strangers to Friends usages, would conclude from the above, that the men and women held meetings apart, each under the ministration of its own particular sex? But this is entirely incorrect, since in all their religious meetings, the women and men assemble in the same apartment and are under the same ministry. It is only in their meetings of business, occasionally held, that the men and women assemble separately. Such a mistake or misrepresentation could scarcely be expected from one who had been for forty years a follower of Fox and Penn. It certainly affords a substantial argument against the validity of other statements, not only in relation to discipline, but the religious, or, as she would have it, non-religious tenets, maintained by the Society. We would advise the authoress to have so flagrant an error corrected in the next edition, with which she threatens the Society, in case they presume to intimate that she has ventured beyond the line of truth, or even express an opinion that she had colored her pictures too highly. This threatened new edition was to contain an exposé of the real names instead of the fictitious. She seems thus to be holding up the rod of correction, under the belief that it would produce intimidation and submission to her chastisement. Here, again, is manifested shocking ignorance of one of the characteristics, by which Friends have always been peculiarly distinguished, namely, firmness and decision; amounting, in some instances, to pertinaciousness, if not obstinacy, in yielding to the commands or threats of earthly authorities. One who had been a Friend for forty years, could never, we think, have been led to make a threat, she could not help knowing would have been so little regarded.

If, as the Irish lady asserts, to consider the Society of Friends a religious body, be a monstrous stretch of imagination, what must have become of those near and dear, and most estimable parents, sisters and friends, who had died in professed unity with the tenets of the Society; resting all their hopes

for future happiness, upon their Christian faith and good works?

They were doubtless admirable characters, patterns we should say, of all that is excellent and worthy of imitation. And yet they became thus excellent and perfect, under the influence of a sect which, according to the traducing assertions of this rebellious daughter, has no claims to religion, and manifests nothing but error, folly and delusion! We wish most sincerely that the writer had not made such sober appeals to truth, and asseverations of the serious motives by which she was actuated in the fabrication of her story. We cannot admit for a moment her claims to truth, candor, or good intention; and apprehend that she was bound less by a sense of duty to save souls from perdition, than an unholy effort to produce a book, which, from the novelty of its topics, and its startling charges and derogatory personalities, would be sought after and purchased by many. These mercenary views might, we think, have been fulfilled, without committing the writer on the score of truthfulness.

One of her heaviest accusations against Friends, is the neglect of the Bible. But such is her variableness of humour and inconsistency, that on several occasions she finds fault with them for reading the Bible so much. Thus while at a Friends boarding-school, she says, "We had a chapter in the Bible read to us every morning after breakfast, and again at night another." In other parts of her story, she frequently refers to the devotion manifested by Friends to the Bible. Their seeming neglect of the sacred volume, comes from not hearing it read as a part of their religious services. No other sect entertains a higher reverence for Gospel truths, or has the Bible read more in private.

Very many of the charges brought against Friends by this traducer, will, we think, be found to redound greatly to their honor and credit. Those well acquainted with them can testify to their freedom from blasphemy, and every thing savoring of familiar use of the names of Divine personages. All Protestants regard with wonder the irreverence manifested in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other Catholic countries, where the most sacred names are conferred upon the commonest objects of life. Thus, a kind of wine made at a convent on the side of Mount Vesuvius was named by the monks, who greatly esteemed it, *Lacryma Christi*, or the Tears of Christ! On the sterns of ships, and even of the small craft employed in fishing and smuggling, the Protestant will often read with horror, not only the names of Apostles and Saints, but of Jesus Christ, the Mother of God, the Holy Ghost, the Holy Trinity. The feeling which induces Protestants to regard such an application of the most

sacred names to common objects, as manifesting irreverence and blasphemy, operates still more strongly upon Friends, who are often painfully affected in witnessing the frequent, and even familiar appeals to holy personages, made by some other Protestant sects. This may serve to explain the motives actuating Friends in the course referred to in the following terms of intended censure :

“The contrast between the sermons I heard at Church, and those I heard at Meeting, was painfully striking. Our Friends scarcely ever mentioned the name of Jesus. They seemed as if careful to avoid it, or fearful of using it. They would say, our Redeemer, our Savior, our Lord, our Heavenly Father, and even Christ, but the name of Jesus—the sweetest name that mortal lips have ever breathed—was very rarely mentioned.”

The authoress accuses Friends of indulging in a persecuting spirit. She cannot adduce a single instance wherein they have manifested this spirit towards other sects, nor did it suit her purpose to refer to the glorious example of toleration, given by that pillar of the Society, William Penn, who, even in an age of the most unrelenting persecution, proclaimed, as one of the fundamental principles upon which Pennsylvania was to be governed, that the full rights of citizenship should be enjoyed by every one who believed in a God, thus giving equal privileges to all sects and persuasions. Unable to bring home to them the charge of any public attempt at persecution, she indulges her imagination in fabricating the following exposition of the manner in which Friends contrive to manifest the promptings of that evil spirit by which she avers they are actuated.

“There is nothing in Quakerism to prevent a man from persecuting his fellow. On the contrary, there is very much in the system calculated to encourage the growth of that spirit. When the meeting testifies against any infraction of its rules, and the offender has been ‘disowned,’ every relative and connection he has is called upon to persecute him. He is not a Friend now. Friends are advised not to associate with any but Friends. He is cut off from domestic and social companionship. Is not that persecution? What crime has he been guilty of, that he is thus severed from all the associates of youth? Why do all his old friends look so coldly on him? Why do they put an evil construction on his every act and word? Why seem to watch over him for evil? and why prophesy of his ultimate fall? Why do they refuse, with a mysterious reservation, to bear witness to his honorable conduct, to his integrity, or to his moral worth, whilst among them? They profess to cast him off; they do so, in such a way as that, if they can help it, he shall never get on. And what is the crime? Perhaps he has attended the service of the Parish Church; or has allowed his daughters to learn music; or has dressed himself or his family in mourning for a father, a mother, or a wife; or has paid tithes; or has accompanied his sister when she was going to be married in Church; or, perhaps, he has brought dishonor on the Society by a failure in his business. True, he has told the overseer how that failure was caused, by some Friends, high in the Meeting having taken an unfair advantage of him; having advised him to take the unfortunate step he did, with the understanding, that though their names were not to appear, they would back him privately. He has shown that the positive fraud of a ‘high Friend’ has overwhelmed him; he has intreated for mercy, for he dreads the effects of disownment. But all in vain. He is sharply reproved for ‘highly improper conduct,’ in mentioning the names of the Friends he has inculpated; and he is tauntingly reminded

that he has been lax in the observance of our rules, for a lengthened period. A quick glance at his coat tells him that now a standing collar, and a rounded skirt would have served his cause; and the mention of our overseer, Martha Wrigley's, name, brings to his recollection the repeated visits of that 'important Friend,' to his wife and to himself, to remonstrate with him on the sin of having his daughters taught to play on the piano.

I have seldom known an instance of a member being disowned for sin. But for being unfortunate, and for transgressing the rules of the Society, paying tithes, marrying out of Meeting—often, very often. But for sin, never, unless compelled by publicity. Sin is passed over, rather than have such things recorded on the books."

To those who, like ourselves, know the singular forbearance shown by Friends towards erring members, the months and years spent in gentle dealings and kind persuasions to reform and reinstate themselves in full fellowship, the insinuations and charges contained in the following extract must appear audacious in the extreme.

CHAPTER III.

Broad humor, the authoress' forte—Story of Hugh and his hat—Prejudices against English Friends—Proofs of proficiency in Geography—Friends discountenance law-suits among themselves—Accused of being fond of going to law with others—Heinous charges against them made by the authoress—Predilection for quack medicines—Unkindness to those under "dealings."

WHEN the gift of humour is combined with a large amount of unscrupulousness, a dangerous character is the common result, as there is scarcely any thing which may not be turned into ridicule. Modesty and diffidence, as might be naturally supposed, find but little quarter from the Irish lady's pen, as the following cleverly got up story of Hugh and his hat will serve to show:

"I was one day greatly amused, by watching a very plain man Friend, who was paying us a morning visit. It was a hot summer's day, and he had walked a long distance. He came into our room, as all orthodox Friends do, with his broad brim on, shook hands, and sat down. After bearing his testimony thus for a few minutes, he took off the hat, and laid it on the floor beside him. We were chatting away, when a loud rap at the door announced some more visitors. Friend Hugh in a great hurry popped on his hat, lest any one should see him 'shirking his testimony.' As soon as he had satisfied himself that his orthodoxy was sufficiently manifested, he yielded again to the natural feeling, and laid the hat beside him. But soon came another visitor, and another, and poor hot-headed Hugh replaced the badge of membership again and again. This happened so often, that at last it became very ludicrous."

The prejudice entertained by our authoress against English Friends, is exhibited very strongly in the following extract—indicating a very great neglect in the geographical department of education:

"Some of the English Friends were very ignorant; they asked me questions which astonished me from persons moving in such a sphere of life. One asked me, 'by what conveyance I had travelled from Ireland?' and when I mentioned the steam-packet, she said, 'she would have preferred the coach, the sea was so dangerous.' Another, who told me she was a botanist, asked me 'were there any wild flowers in Ireland?' and another, 'was the water in Ireland good and clear?' and numerous such like questions."

We hardly think it worth while to attempt the refutation of the very base charge, that "Friends, as a body, are extremely vindictive and unforgiving." No one at all acquainted with them, and whose regard is worth having, will for a moment credit an assertion disproved by every profession and act of their Society. Disputes among themselves relative to temporal affairs, are not very common; but when they do occur, every effort is made to settle them fairly by the intercession of mutual friends of the parties, so as to avoid any appeal to the courts of law. In this way most of the disagreements among Friends are brought to an amicable adjustment, and law-suits, with all their train of evils, avoided. But such kind offices, can only be performed where both parties are members. When this does not happen to be the case, it would appear, from our author's account, that a Friend—provided he be rich—is bound by no moral or religious obligation of the Society, from resorting to the most base and disreputable means to accomplish his ends.

"The rule is very stringent," she says, "that Friend may not go to law with Friend; but Friends may go to law with 'the people of the world,' as much and as often as they please. A Friend may be guilty of the meanest, and shabbiest, and most dishonorable conduct, and provided it is only one of 'the people of the world' who suffers, his Meeting takes no notice of it, unless there be danger of such publicity as may damage the well-established character of the Society. And if a Friend wishes to go to law with a Friend, he can manage that too. He has only to press his broad brim more tightly on his brow in Meetings; to be more devoted in his attention to the high, plain Friends; to squeeze the ministers' hands as they come out of Meeting after speaking, and ingratiate himself with the overseers; and if he is a moneyed man, lay them under pecuniary obligations, and the difficulty which the 'rules' opposed to his wishes, vanishes. He can invent, or he can find out, some flaw in his adversary's Quakerism, and have him put under dealing, which being conducted on a most provoking and irritating system of domiciliary visits, generally results in the victim sending in his resignation of membership, for the sake of getting rid of it.

There are other ways of eluding the rules. This I have described is the most common; for when once the resignation is sent in, Friend Broadbrim can go to law, uncensured and unnoticed."

She strives hard to make it appear that one of the greatest objects the Society had in getting her disowned, was to have an opportunity of subjecting her to one of the severest modes of persecution which could possibly be devised, namely, a suit in Chancery. She will insist upon it, that Friends are revengeful in the extreme, in proof of which she relates the following story:

"The truth was, the woman Friend, of whose ministry we had spoken

slightingly, a very long time ago, had resolved to punish us for doing so. She and some others, concocted a plan; they contrived to ingratiate themselves into the favor of a very old lady, who as well as themselves, had a kind of claim on some of our landed property. She, poor lady, did not believe that 'an inspired minister' could do wrong; and consented to do as they wished, which was, in her name, to put us in the Court of Chancery—which is described in the Times Newspaper as being 'a devouring gulf, a den from whence no footsteps return; a name of terror, a bloodless arena for mutual destruction. A Chancery suit which is endless, bottomless, and insatiable; an organized iniquity; an incurable evil; an inveterate wrong. A Chancery suit which starves the education and spirit of youth, consumes the energies of manhood, and makes a clean wreck of old age. As for a thousand pounds, it is but as the morning dew before the burning sun of a Chancery Suit, amongst the evils of which are the multiplicity of forms, and the opportunities it affords for vexatious and malicious delay.'

Nobody can leave the Society of Friends, without enduring some species of persecution; and we were to be made examples of, that none might ever again dare 'to despise women's preaching.' To put us into Chancery, which was a notoriously suitable way of ruining our temporal affairs, and, at the same time, to preserve the testimony of Friends against going to law with each other, it was necessary to disown me.

They claimed a small portion of our property, by virtue of a will made in 1839, under their own dictatorial influence, and when the reasoning powers of the dying man were plastic in their hands—a will, of which they told the old lady, with sanctimonious audacity, that it bore the evidence of divine aid in its composition. We claimed it, and had possession of it, by virtue of a marriage settlement made in 1829. Nothing could have been better devised for a Chancery cause.

As we were not then aware of the animus of the suit, we complained to the overseers of the injustice of it; and to avert the ruinous waste of property, offered to pay their demands out of other properties, without any dispute as to the legality of their claims. This they all acknowledged to have been a fair offer; but it would not have ruined or wasted us sufficiently; we must be punished. And whilst they persecuted us, they wished to keep a fair face on the matter, and constantly made excuses for the litigation. 'It was a minister who conducted it, therefore it could not be wrong.' 'It was too complicated a case for Friends to interfere in.' 'The Court of Chancery would surely do us justice.' 'The Friends who had instituted the suit were most consistent Friends; it was incredible to say they were actuated by any unworthy motives.' We 'belonged not to the Society, and had no claim on their interference.' 'They did not believe it was for the purpose of persecution, and they regretted we should be so unkind as to say it was.' 'They had full confidence that the parties we had thought fit to censure, would do no act without waiting for the manifestation of divine light to guide them.' 'It would be a curtailment of the liberty of the subject to prevent Friends going to law with persons not Friends.' And, 'They could not see what claim we had on the Society, or why we should expect them to interfere for our protection.'

So for ten years the suit went on, and still seems as far off being settled in the Court of Chancery as it was the day it began. But many and many a long bill of costs had told us, that to speak slightly of a woman Friend's preaching, is an unpardonable offence to the whole Society. The case had been officially brought before them; and though they certainly abstained from openly sanctioning it, they positively refused to interfere, although, privately and indirectly, they put the whole weight of the Society in the scale against us."

We dare assert that the Society of Friends, here so audaciously calumniated, had no more to do with promoting or encouraging this Chancery suit, than the people of the Feejee Islands.

Is it not sad to witness such wilful misrepresentations of the

acts of a people, whose leading precepts and common practice prove their great desire to live in peace and harmony with all mankind. Such libellous charges and aspersions are so abundant throughout the book, as to render it difficult to notice one-half of them. When she touches upon this "Chancery Suit," the amount involved in which was a mere trifle, she seems actually to become rabid. Alas, for her solemn asseverations of truth, and freedom from exaggeration.

We are sorry to be compelled to say that Friends show much more forbearance in meddling with the legal than with the medical profession; and quackery in its many shapes boasts of more dupes than it ought to have, in a Society distinguished for its general intelligence and good sense.

We can readily imagine the regret which every Friend must feel in reading, in the following passage, such a wanton perversion of the usually kind and tender sentiments actuating his Society towards erring members, when brought under dealings.

"I was now subjected to almost daily annoyance; cold greetings and averted looks met me on all sides. My nearest relatives became unkind; the trustees of my marriage settlement refused to perform the duty they had undertaken in my father's life-time. My correspondents wrote me angry invectives, at the conclusion of which, I was in the most polite and friendly language unmistakably given over to the enemy of all righteousness."

CHAPTER IV.

Authoress goes to live in England—Finds Friends there kind, but not religious—Her own leading tastes incline to the eating department—Description of her dinner in London at Mrs. Fry's—This good woman made to appear inconsistent and ridiculous.

HAVING, immediately after her marriage, gone over to England to reside, she was called upon by the relatives and friends of her husband, who evidently were disposed to give her the kindest welcome. As usual, however, she contrives to find much fault with their modes of exhibiting the common courtesies of life so different from the usages prevailing in her native land. One would think that on such joyous occasions, religious conversations were little in keeping, and very properly dispensed with. But our authoress has been pleased to view the subject after her own way, and make what would have been so much out of place, a cause for heavy reflection against her new English Friends. "I found them," she says, "one and all, amiable, kind-hearted, and benevolent; but they did not appear to be religious, or, at least, although they were all plain Friends, they scrupulously avoided religious conversation; and

we have it on the authority of Holy Writ, 'that the mouth speaks of those things which the heart cherishes.'"

We thank the authoress for the text closing the quotation, as it seems to illustrate so happily the opinion we have been compelled to form of her own prevailing tastes and inclinations. Her book, from beginning to ending, is filled with the most accurate descriptions of what was displayed in the eating way by this one and that one, commendations of salmon, roast-beef, plum pudding, and other articles, appertaining to "good cheer," and most reproachful allusions to slim fare wherever met with. Judged by her own text, nothing would seem to be so dearly cherished in her own heart, as the "creature comforts," appertaining to the kitchen department.

There is an old proverb which says, "that it is wrong to injure those whose salt you have eaten." But this she either never saw, or entirely forgot.

The following description of a dinner, to which she and her father and sister were invited whilst in London, attending the Yearly Meeting, affords a rich specimen of her ludicrous powers, as well as of her want of decent respect for worth or truthfulness.

Those who know the hospitable character of the late Mrs. Fry, will be surprised to hear that she is the original of the Lady Stately who gave the entertainment. By-and-bye, however, it will be apparent that our authoress owed her a grudge, for some reasons not clearly expressed but plainly to be inferred,—namely, supposed neglect of attention to her. She evidently belongs to the unfortunate thin-skinned tribe, who cannot be touched without raising their fury.

"Dinner was announced, and the lady and her brother (Joseph John Gurney) took the lead. The women Friends, with here and there a venturesome man, next forced themselves on, each trying to get foremost. My father made his way through the crowd over to us, and held my sister and myself on his arms. We whispered to each other what a strange scene it was, and waited till the crush had passed us by; then we followed into the dining-room. Two long tables were laid, and both were quite filled; and at the first, at which the great Friend herself presided, the work of demolition had commenced. A gentleman at the foot of the second table spied us standing outside the door, jumped up, and quickly and unceremoniously sweeping away three men, he handed us to their seats, and bade them wait until another table was prepared for them. We remonstrated. 'Oh!' said he, 'never mind them, they know how to take care of themselves.' The fare at our table was only middling in quality, and very scanty in quantity. Half a salmon at the head, and a roast leg of lamb at the foot, a small dish of potatoes, and a large silver basket of cut stale bread, was all provided for twenty-five people. The old Friend who carved the lamb was very facetious. He reckoned heads. 'Twenty-five,' said he, 'and the men will surely ask for two helps. I wish I had a compass, to cut it even, share and share for all. A thin slice will do for the females; they sometimes like to be thought delicate in their appetites; so I can only hope, now, they may feel flattered at my supposing them to give a preference to a delicately cut morsel.' What was at the best table I do not know, but believe it was more plentiful, as one of the young men who was dining in another room with the residue of the

guests, told me, that when the dishes in our room were carried out, they were taken possession of by one of their scouts, and that on one of them there was a bit of beef. It was not from our table that went; we sent nothing away.

Dinner over, one of the daughters came over to me, and said, would I like 'to take a lay?'—that there were four bedrooms open for Friends, and if I would go quick, before the crowd, I could be accommodated. Her mother had gone, and she was going, 'it was so refreshing before the Evening Meeting.' Curiosity induced me to accompany her up stairs, and indeed it was to me a novel sight, to see from three to four dozen women Friends crowded together in the bedrooms, some anxiously searching out their bonnets and shawls, some eagerly securing for themselves a place on the beds 'to take a lay,' and some, like myself, swelling the throng, for the sake of looking at the ludicrous anxiety of the others. When we left, there were seventeen stretched on the beds, and two humble-minded young women on the floor, seeking their accustomed antidote to drowsiness in the Evening Meeting. Our repast had not been so heavy as to make us dread any danger of transgressing the query. On the contrary, it had been so very sparing, that we complained of actual hunger to my father, who confessed to the same himself; and, therefore, we hurried to our own lodging to get a bit of dinner. As we were going out of the house, we met three young men of our acquaintance, and one lady, and said, 'Where are you hurrying to? Come with us.' They hesitated a moment, and then said, 'The fact is, we scarcely got a bit of dinner, and we are going to a confectioner's to get something to eat.' So, finding we were all of the same mind, they came with us, and we had an impromptu dinner, far more plentiful and merrier than the much-talked-of affair at which eighty people were assembled, that it might be said, such vast numbers were daily entertained at Mildred Court. Before leaving London we received an invitation to dine at the country-house of these great Friends; but the specimen we had had of their style of entertainment sufficed us, and we declined the honor. My aunt was invited at the same time. She went, and told me afterwards, that it was quite a different affair from the Mildred Court dinner. She said, they had a sumptuous entertainment, well served, with abundance of plate, glass, &c. &c., and half a dozen livery servants to attend, and that very few of the guests were Friends. There were Members of Parliament, a Baronet, and two Honorables; and the portly mistress was the graceful, entertaining, courteous, lady-like hostess; not the haughty, supercilious woman she had been to us, who seemed as if she thought herself very condescending to sit for a few minutes in the same room, or breathe the same air with us."

CHAPTER V.

The Garret Story.—Misrepresentation of usages.—Ballyhaganites.—Coarse trick said to have been once played upon them.—Startling invocation.

WHILST "under dealings," as Friends say of those who have broken their rules of discipline, so as to require that expostulation and rebuke which is uniformly administered in a peculiarly gentle way, our authoress was exposed to the ignominious ceremony of being led into the garret. As such a ceremony is not described or referred to in the Book of Discipline, or was ever before heard of in connection with Friend's usages, we will let her tell the story, in her own way, with all its embellishments.

"As I was leaving the Meeting-room, the same two women who had visited me with the men some time before, pushed their way through the crowd, and

tapping me on the shoulder, said, they requested me to accompany them to a private room, as they had somewhat to say unto me.

They led me up stairs into a small garret. As I passed along with them, marvelling what was to come, I received several sly glances from my acquaintances, and one whispered audibly, 'There goes a naughty child.'

Up in the little garret, these two Friends, speaking alternately, slowly and in a half-stifled voice, informed me that I was not to attempt to go to Meeting ever again. They had been desired to inform me, that I had forfeited my privilege of sitting with Friends; that Friends were not comfortable at having me among them. I was amazed, and said, 'Why, it is only a month since you yourselves came to visit me, with the two men Friends, to remonstrate with me, for not going to Meeting often enough; and now, when I come, you tell me I must not come.'

'It seems contradictory,' said one of them, 'and I greatly regret it; but my very dear friend'—and she squeezed my hand—'if thou would'st give up going to Church these trying things would not happen. Thou must not blame us; we are only informing thee as we have been desired to do.'

'If thou art resolved to attend a place of common worship,' said the other, 'thou should'st send in thy resignation at once; it would save thyself and us much trouble, and be more creditable for thee.'

'I was born a Friend,' I replied; 'I do not intend to send in my resignation. If I have transgressed any of the rules of the Society, you can disown me; if not, what is my offence?'

'That is our great difficulty,' said the first speaker; 'if thou wast a gay, fashionable woman, and frequented balls and theatres, the way would be easy for us; but we all know thee to be a religious character. However, thee must not attend Meeting again.' And again she kissed me.

As I came down from the garret most of the Friends were gone. Those who remained, were curiously watching how I would take the 'wholesome discipline' I had been receiving. There was one whose eyes shot out a gleam of malicious triumph as I passed; and I felt assured she had been the prompter of the disgrace I had endured. Every body knows that it is only very bad people indeed, who are taken up to the garret, and I had been so in the most public manner."

To Friends, or those well acquainted with their ways, it is needless to say that this story is a sheer fabrication. When placed "under dealings," and even after disownment from membership, instead of being denied the privilege of assembling with them in their religious meetings, they are uniformly encouraged to do so, it being always esteemed, to quote a phrase of her own—"comfortable" in the highest degree, to have such among them.

Every Friend knows that what we aver of them is true to the letter, and that their patience and long sufferings with offending or refractory members, is only equalled by their desire to see these brought to confess their errors and become reinstated in Christian fellowship. The garret story, and all that follows, is evidently a fiction intended like nearly every thing else in her book, to operate disadvantageously against Friends, among such as do not know their usages, especially such as entertain prejudices towards them.

In her frequent efforts to bring ridicule upon the Society, she stops at nothing, however improbable and gross. We shall hereafter see how audaciously she has asserted the preaching of a Friend from a text, which has been proven an old "Irish Joe

Miller" jest, ascribed to a Hibernian Priest, and appropriated by her to one of her own Society. It has been seen with what coarseness she has drawn the caricature of the American Friend Flannel, and now we shall quote her own account of some other primitive characters, who, if guilty of half the ignorance and rudeness with which they are charged, are, in point of civilization, far behind our wildest American Indian tribes of Crows or Black-feet. It has been our lot to have seen some very primitive people, who lived in an isolated part of the eastern shore of Maryland. They were styled Nicholites, and certainly carried plainness to a most extravagant pitch, not having paint about their dwellings, and dressing and living in the utmost simplicity. They associated with Friends, but maintained doctrines peculiar to themselves. In civilization, however, our Maryland Nicholites were advanced far before the fraternity which has furnished our authoress with an opportunity of fabricating the following refined and delectable story.

"There is in Ireland a class of Friends who are called Ballyhaganites. They are for the most part poor farmers and laborers, ignorant, as might be supposed, of books and men, and manners. Quakers are universally proud of their isolation from the world, and of their fancied superiority in the appreciation of spiritual worship. These Ballyhaganites plume themselves much on their connection. They are very regular attenders of Meetings, and strain a point, whenever they can, to go to the Quarterly Meetings, where they are sure to be invited to the houses of the rich Friends, and where they are as sure to be made great fun of by the young ones. I have heard of a dozen of them being shown into one room where were three beds. 'There, boys, sort yourselves,' said the conductor, and vanished. Except at Quarterly Meeting dinners, these people never tasted wine. One of them was observed to relish the flavor of it; but he would say, 'I'll take some wine, if thee please, for my stomach's sake.' The entertainer became impatient, knowing his man, and exclaimed, 'Oh! be whipt to thee, man; can't thee say at once that thee likes it, and don't be talking to us about thy stomach.'

A lady was one day rather annoyed at seeing a troop of the Ballyhaganites come in to join a dinner party, which she had carefully selected of some very aristocratic Friends. She ordered a table to be laid for them in another room, and deputed her son to superintend their repast. This youth, to play a trick on them, and to punish his mother for banishing him from the select company, placed before the 'awkward squad,' as he called them, a large glass dish-full of calf's-foot jelly. He had previously taken care to have no spoon left in the room; a fork for each man was the only accommodation; and with imperturbable gravity, this youth informed them, there was the dinner, and to help themselves. They had never seen such a dish before, and at first thought it was all glass; but they were hungry, and wished to appear as if not ignorant of the food placed on a rich man's table. Fork, after fork, was struck into the transparent luxury, but all in vain. It would slip back. One said, 'Will thee give us a spoon?' 'Certainly not,' replied the youth, 'thee would not be so ungentle as to eat that dinner which my mother has taken so much pains to have nice for the Quarterly Meeting, with a spoon. I would be ashamed to tell her thee had asked for one.' They tried hard to eat it genteely with the fork; but at last gave up, and hand after hand was plunged into the dish. To see those hands which the day before had held the plough, thus employed, was just what this youth wanted. He laughed aloud. A laugh is infectious, and the Ballyhaganites joined in it most vociferously, whilst they still swallowed the jelly by handfuls. The noise they made brought in a servant from the dinner room, to know was anything the matter; but the youth met him at the

door, and bade him say that all was right, and the Friends were only enjoying themselves. It was now time to place the second course on the table, and the lady, in a whisper, directed the servant where to place the dish of jelly. It had vanished from the side table. The truth flashed across her mind, and in an uncontrollable panic, she rushed into the room where the Ballyhaganites were just licking their hands, after demolishing her beautiful and anxiously prepared sweetmeat."

After so much levity, exhibited not only in this but in so many other instances recorded in her book, it is painful to witness such profanity as is exhibited in her concluding chapter.

"And, oh! may the Lord Jesus Christ, whose aid I have invoked in writing every page of this volume, condescend to bless it and make it instrumental in His cause."

CHAPTER VI.

Peculiarity of Dress.—Fastidiousness not less Commendable than Extravagant Fancy.—Effects of Over-dressing on the Minds of Children.—Motives of Friends in regard to Dress most Praiseworthy.—The Irish Lady's Fondness for Ribbons, and Coquettish Quaker Bonnet.—Plainness of Dress not a Cross to Friends, but a Subject of their Adoration.—Story of Cleverly.—Save us from Faultfinders.—Scrap of Conscience left.—English girls manœuvring for husbands.—Story of Rachel.—Unsuccessful attempt of Sarah Mills.

WHILST a decent regard to dress and personal appearance is becoming in all sects and classes, fastidiousness as to color and quality of garments seems little more commendable than extravagant exercise of fancy. Both originate from similar motives, namely, to catch the eye of others, and gratify vanity. Were one alone on a desolate island, or dreary wilderness, personal decoration would probably never be thought of. But in the world, surrounded by erring mortals like ourselves, the desire is shown in the most glaring forms where persons are unrestrained, and even where the severest restrictions and sumptuary laws are enforced.

There can be little doubt that an over-fondness for external decoration is too often developed in children by mothers who wish to gratify their own tastes, without at all reflecting what may be the consequences to their offspring, who may be led to attach undue consequence to fine clothes, and undervalue those who appear in plainer costume. But, after all, it is not the dress that makes the man or woman, although it generally gives more or less indication of the qualities of the mind.

It is but natural that our authoress should dwell much upon those peculiarities in dress, which form so distinguishing a characteristic of the Society of Friends. Their plainness of speech, behavior and apparel, were originally adopted as antagonistic

of the ridiculous caprices and extravagant excesses into which the vain and frivolous votaries of changing fashions are so often led away. As we regard all excesses injurious, extreme plainness must come in for condemnation as well as extravagant indulgence in fashionable finery. When the motives leading to the two extremes are taken into consideration, credit for the most worthy intentions must certainly be allowed to those whose object is to curb a taste which so often engages the mind to the exclusion of more profitable subjects, and the full strength of which often ends in the ruin and misery of those who sacrifice every virtue in order to indulge in it.

Our authoress confesses a natural fondness for personal decoration, which she began to exhibit immediately on returning home from boarding-school. Her kind and indulgent father, upon whom, with her mother, she seems to have lavished all the veneration implanted in her character, prevailed upon her to lay aside her ribbons, blondes, &c., which gave her so much pleasure. In returning to simplicity of dress, she informs us that she did not carry it to the point of plainness and ugliness, "her looking-glass comforting her with the assurance, that a well-made coquettish Quaker bonnet, was by no means an unbecoming one." The restraints imposed by Friends upon the exercise of fancy in dress, must have tried her exceedingly, and may in some degree account for much of the rancor and severity exercised towards them.

By a strange method of reasoning, not, perhaps, peculiar to herself, she arrives at the conclusion, that the plainness of dress adopted by the sect, instead of being a cross borne in the sight of the world, a testimony against the vain fashions and vanities of life by which others are ensnared and led away, is, in fact, a matter held by the Society in the highest adoration—in fact, the sum and substance of their pretensions to religion. "Plain Friends," she most unscrupulously asserts, "may do pretty much what they please. The discipline of the Society is never rigidly enforced, when the outward appearance is in all points regulated by the standard of Quakerism." In proof of this slander, she trumps up the story of "Cleverly," an arch hypocrite and gay deceiver, who, though his detestable vices are known to all, is retained by the Society in full membership, and employed on all fitting occasions to do their dirty work. The pages of fiction, or annals of infamy scarcely offer a character more deeply imbued with crime, in its worst forms, and it cannot fail to astonish every reflective mind, that she should have so long and so strenuously resisted disownment from a Society sustaining such villains, nay, even petitioned for reinstatement, after having been dismissed. Save us from your fault-finders, for do your best, there's no pleasing them. Their

spleen and jaundice prevents any thing worthy of admiration or commendation from being seen; and under the promptings of bad taste and morbid appetite, they turn away from the plain and substantial to glut upon the most vile and unwholesome trash.

Impelled by some remaining scrap of conscience, she confesses that after all her troubles, she "still had an unaccountable hankering after the silent Meeting, an indestructible affection for very many of the Friends, and an intense anxiety to be a true spiritual worshipper of the Mighty God, who, I knew, was present every where that his Spirit was invoked."

And again, after referring to her being compelled to leave the Meeting, she says, "I held many of the Quaker doctrines, and would gladly have remained, had they allowed me quietly and unmolested, to live in peace among them."

In reference to the Chancery suit brought against her by some Friends, for the recovery of money from her family, she will insist upon it most pertinaciously, that it was instituted and pursued with the sanction of the whole Society, for the express purpose of persecuting herself and family.

"The plea of the suit is of course to recover money claimed; whilst the real reason is, to punish us for going to Church and for speaking slightly of women's preaching. The plaintiffs are all wealthy Friends; the newspapers now and then record their munificent donations to hospitals, infirmaries, &c. &c., sometimes amounting to a thousand pounds at a time. Indeed, these public donations have followed, like cause and effect, after some peculiar injustice inflicted on us. No one could believe that for the sum of fourteen pounds five shillings per annum, these benevolent individuals, whose liberality is so notorious, would institute a Chancery suit, especially where their claim was never denied, although it might have been.

Friends often claim for themselves credit for being free from the sin of persecution; and therefore it is that I relate this, my experience, of their tender mercy."

Notwithstanding its audacious misrepresentations, it cannot be denied that the book contains much that is amusing, as the story of Rachel's "Bold Stroke for a Husband," fully attests. Pity that so much humor as the authoress shows herself possessed of, should be associated with malice and uncharitableness.

We cannot help treating the reader with this, and one other specimen of what our fair Friends across the water are supposed capable of doing in the way of manœuvring for husbands, and regret our inability to inform them whether the events recorded, took place in leap year. But no matter, here they are, in her own words.

"I was one evening, at a large tea party, introduced to a very beautiful young bride. She had a large figure, well and most gracefully formed; the roseate hue of her cheek, and the soft brilliancy of her downcast eyes, were only equalled in beauty by the exquisitely fair neck, and the rich dark brown hair, banded in the smoothest Madonna style on her lofty brow. Her dress was of the richest dove-colored satin; and her Quaker cap, and neck-kerchief,

folded in neat plaits across her bosom, were of India's most costly muslin. The handkerchief was attached to the dress by a gold pin, with a pearl head; and the belt of her dress was fastened in front by two more gold pins, each with a diamond head. The bridegroom was a very small, thin, awkward, ill-made man; his face—from which every morsel of whisker had been shaved off—was white, flat, and meaningless; and his dress, though quite new, was badly made, and badly put on; it was, however, a strictly Quaker costume.

In the course of the evening, I said to the lady who had introduced me, 'How ever did that mean looking little man manage to get such a very lovely bride?' She smiled, and answered, 'Strange as it may seem, I assure thee, it was Rachel who courted him, not he her. I will tell thee the story. About four years ago, Rachel's younger sister was married; and she was somewhat annoyed that she, the elder, and so much the handsomer, should have been passed by; so she resolved to provide herself with an husband; and thou knowest when a woman makes up her mind to do a thing, she triumphs over every obstacle. Rachel's first step was to draw out a list of the names of the eligible young men; opposite to each name she placed the amount of his annual income, as correctly as she could ascertain it. The most wealthy was placed at the top of the list, and so on in regular gradation. She had twelve names down. They lived in all parts of England; one in London, one in York, one in Bristol, and so on.

'Sylvanus Otway was at the head of the list. She had never seen him, and he lived near Norwich. He was down for seven thousand a year. Rachel seriously informed her father and mother, that she had "a concern" to attend the Norwich Quarterly Meeting. They had no acquaintances they cared for there, and were disinclined to take so long a journey; but Rachel became so silent and sad, and so often told them she was burdened with the weight of her concern to go, that they at length yielded to her wishes; and father and mother, Rachel and her sister Susanna, and one of the brothers, all went to Norwich. As the father and mother are acknowledged ministers, of course they were taken much notice of, and invited to all the Friends' houses; amongst others, to Friend Otway's, and Rachel soon had the pleasure of being introduced to Sylvanus. She was delighted to find him a fine, handsome, intelligent-looking young man, and to perceive that he was decidedly fascinated with his new acquaintances; and when, at parting, he whispered to her sister, loud enough for Rachel to hear, "I hope soon to be in your city, and to have the pleasure of calling at your house," her cheek flushed with triumph, and her heart palpitated with joy, at the success of her scheme. Sylvanus soon followed them, as he had promised, and proposed for Susanna. He was promptly accepted; and they were married as speedily as the rules of our Society would permit. Rachel was exceeding vexed and disappointed; but she is not a person to be discomfited by one failure, so she resolved to try again; but she has never been friendly with Susanna since. The next on her list was Josiah Gumble, of York, and his income was six thousand. Again she informed her father, that she felt it was required of her to attend the York Quarterly Meeting; and she added, "it had been borne in on her mind, that the ministry of her beloved father, at that solemn assembly, would be blessed to some waiting minds."

'There is nothing pleases our ministers more than flattery of their preaching gifts. Rachel is an adept at it. I have often found it difficult to keep my features in sober decorum, when I have heard her speaking of the inward peace she had felt from the acceptable service of her much valued Friends. And then she presses the hand of the minister she is flattering, with so much feeling, as she says; but they like it, and Rachel has her own ends in view. She went to York, and soon obtained the desired introduction to Josiah Gumble; he too, was young, and passably well looking; Rachel contrived to be very much in his company; but she saw clearly that he could not be caught. She told me she had never met any man who was so coldly insensible to beauty, and so stupidly indifferent to flattery. However, Rachel was not disheartened; for it soon came out, that Josiah was the victim of an unrighteous attachment to the daughter of a clergyman; for love of whom, he deserted our Israel, and is now—alas! that it should be so—with his six thousand a year, gone over to the camp of the alien.

'The third on Rachel's list was John Jones, of London, her bridegroom now; he is worth about two thousand a year; and, as thou must see, no beauty. When Rachel first saw him, she was half inclined to leave him for somebody else; but the next on her list is only six hundred a year. The sacrifice was too great, and besides, James Lewis might be as mean-looking, so she resolved on the conquest of John Jones. It was very easily accomplished, he made no resistance, he at once became the worshipper of her beauty; and now that they are married, I think it will be her own fault if she is not happy. He is not very wise, but he is good-humored and good-natured.'

'How did thou become acquainted with this amusing story?' said I. 'Is it not a breach of confidence to tell it?' 'No, indeed,' she replied, 'there were more than a dozen of us in the room when she told it herself, and showed us the list; she said she did not want it now, so she gave it to Martha Elton, and bade her give a copy of it to any of the girls who would like to try the same plan of getting settled in life.'

We follow this rich story, of what the fair are charged with sometimes perpetrating in Old England, by the equally bold, though less successful feat of Sarah Mills, of Clonmell, represented as an influential minister. This delicate affair stands thus recorded in "The Story of my Life."

"It was at a Quarterly Meeting party, before my father was married; when he was young, well-looking, and wealthy, and consequently one whom the Friends were anxious to see suitably settled in life. Sarah Mills had unmarried daughters, and wished to bring about a match with one of them. My father was slow at taking the hints so often given him; but he rather avoided the house, feeling that even a casual visit there might be misconstrued; and besides that, he was not only deeply in love, but actually engaged to the bright, intelligent, and highly-educated little woman with whom he afterwards spent his long and happy life. Sarah Mills knew nothing of this engagement, so she invited him very pressingly to her house, and he went. After dinner, when they were all assembled, she said to him, 'John, will thee give me two or three shillings? I want them.' She held out her hand, and he gave her three tenpenny pieces. She jingled them together, and said, 'I like the sound.' Then to her daughter Rebecca—'Give me three tenpenny pieces out of thy pocket.' Rebecca gave them, and she shook them all together; and, turning to the company, who were looking and wondering what she was about, she said, 'I like that music: don't you think they jingle very well together?' 'How can thee get over that, John?' said one of her allies, as the laugh ran round the room. 'I wish thee joy. She is a fine, stout, young woman,' said another, 'and thy mother-in-law will save thee all the trouble of ordering thy own house.' As soon as he could, my father slipped away, without even saying farewell to the fair Rebecca, or her clever, strong-minded mother.

The Society of Friends are not a mere isolated and passive people, but active and efficient, doing things in their own quiet, unobtrusive way, paying taxes like others, for civil purposes, and the subsistence of the poor, but never allowing their own poor to become a charge upon the public. They are the strenuous advocates of peace, and constitute the first Temperance Society in modern times, abstinence from intoxicating liquors having been always a rule in their "Book of Discipline" rigidly enforced. In every community of which they form a part, they may be found efficient directors of Hospitals, Alms-

houses, Dispensaries, Prison Societies, Orphan and Widow Asylums, Public Schools, Libraries, &c. &c. They are, in fact, untiring in their philanthropic exertions, and never weary in their efforts to ameliorate the condition of man.

Such are the people whom it is designed to traduce and bring into contempt, in the Irish lady's story of her life. None but a Friend, or one perfectly conversant with their peculiar views and ways, can see through a tissue of falsehood and misrepresentation so ingeniously and invidiously thrown over them. The writer of this Vindication is neither a member of the Society of Friends, or a regular attender of their meetings, but he has enjoyed the most ample opportunities of acquiring an intimate knowledge of their religious views, Rules of Discipline, and social habits; and this knowledge has created a respect for the body which does not allow him to rest satisfied with seeing a Society, which embraces so many of his best friends, wantonly assailed, without lending his aid to repel slander and prevent the evils of misrepresentation.

We have carefully restricted ourselves to matters connected with Discipline, and avoided, as far as possible, touching upon doctrinal points of religion, knowing that for those who deal with such matters, there is no end to controversy.

*"For modes of Faith let angry zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."*

Judged by this rule of Pope's, we think Friends, as a body, will be found standing upon high ground. Those who read what we have written, will perceive that we have not labored with our subject, but made our remarks off-hand, the calumnious work being truly unworthy of more serious notice.

Having, since the commencement of our Vindication, met with an interesting Review of the Irish Lady's Story of her Life, published on the other side of the water, anticipating us in the notice we intended to give to several other topics, we shall refrain from further remarks of our own, and refer the reader to it as containing much that will be found highly interesting. It will there be found who the lady and her family are, with an exposition of her highly disrespectful and ungenerous treatment of Mrs. Fry, and her late excellent brother, Joseph John Gurney, with many other topics of special interest.

(From the London Eclectic Review. Republished in *Littell's Living Age*, No. 400.)

QUAKERISM: OR, THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By a Lady, who for forty years was a Member of the Society of Friends. Dublin: J. B. OLDHAM. 12mo., pp. 400.

Religious fiction, the fashionable literature of the day, received its first great impulse from the astounding success of the "Wandering Jew." That extraordinary work has been translated into most printed living languages, and the editions in our own tongue are said to amount to sixty-five. It has been devoured alike by the profligate and the austere; by the profligate, for the very love of its profligacy; by the austere, not because of its austerity, but because it told so forcibly against a society which is supposed to be exercising a subterranean power under all the world. As the mushroom creeps, silently and concealed, beneath the turf, by means of a mere thread, which, even when exposed, is perceptible only to the educated eye of the botanist, and soon appears, here and there, on the surface, a perfect and suddenly-expanded plant, the growth of a night; so, it is said, had Jesuitism crept noiselessly on its hidden way, until, rising suddenly, in some great city or baronial hall, it exhibits itself, fearlessly and ostentatiously, to the gaze of all. The Jesuit was in power, but no one knew the secret of his power; the Jesuit was hated, but no one knew why he was hated; was feared, but no one could say why. Eugene Sue undertook to trace out the underground stem of the Jesuitical tree, which he represents as bearing deadly blossoms over the entire earth—to show the poisonous nature of its fruit, and the intrinsic rottenness of its heart. He represents the Society of Jesus as daring everything, as accomplishing everything. Theft, adultery, murder, are held excusable, (so he would have us think,) when used as means to so desirable an end, that desirable end being always money, and the power to which money leads.

The anti-Jesuit novels have the run of the entire world; the anti-Catholic novels are devoured only by Protestants; the Catholics deny their truth when the cap happens to fit, and laugh at the bungling marksman when he shoots wide of the mark; the anti-Church novels have a restricted range; they

circulate languidly among dissenters, a class that has little relish for fiction, even under the garb of religion.

The idea of an anti-Quaker novel seems, at first, preposterous. Who are to be the readers? This is a question that the speculator is bound to consider. It would seem to us, shortsighted beings as we are, a most forlorn hope; but it has proved otherwise; the book has been extensively read; and the great majority of our reviewers seem to rejoice over this pretended exposure of Quakerism, as though Quakerism were a vast tyrannical power, under which the reviewers had lived in constant fear and trembling. Indeed, the *Io Triumphe!* of the reviewers, the pæan of exultation over its supposed extinction, is highly complimentary to Quakerism, as exhibiting the wide-spread and powerful influence exercised by a very limited and extremely retiring sect. But it may, perhaps, occur to some stubborn minds, that do not take everything for granted, to inquire whether these things are so. Sue gives us no clue to find out his heroines. The masculine nuns are, for the most part, impenetrably veiled, and the assailants of Protestantism have never excited an inquiry; but here the veil is so thin, that it forms no impediment to our observing all that is behind. The calumniated are the members of a society remarkable for its quiet and unostentatious diligence in doing good; and the members selected for peculiar and especial opprobrium are, William Allen, the philanthropist; Elizabeth Fry, who has been appropriately called the female Howard; and Joseph John Gurney, of Norwich, whose labors in the cause of Christianity are familiar to every educated man.

In the course of our brief life, the grave is continually closing over the remains of those whom we have regarded with esteem and veneration. But if we see this rudely reopened; the dead exposed; their actions woven into a sort of pantomimic melodrama; their cherished names transmuted into opprobrious nicknames;* we find it extremely difficult to resist a strong prejudice against the writer, notwithstanding her solemn and repeated asseverations, that she is influenced solely by religious motives. The new names contrast unfavorably with the old; the new fictions with the old facts. Still, we will not venture to assert that fair fame is to quash inquiry, or to be used as a cloak for evil deeds. Investigation inflicts no injury on the righteous. On the other hand, "to err is human;" and to expose error—to dethrone those who have been undeservedly held up as objects of love and admiration—is a disagreeable, perhaps an ungracious, but certainly a justifiable undertaking. But the hands for such a work should be of spotless

* "Friend Stately," "Elizabeth Grill," &c., &c.

purity; he who casts the stone should not only be without sin, but above all suspicion. Let us then, candidly inquire how far Mrs. Greer* is fitted for the somewhat invidious task she has undertaken; and, in doing this, we will not stoop to become scandal-mongers, or eaves-droppers, but mention nothing unless it be already thoroughly public, and made so, either by her own act, or by the act of those with whom she is united.

The first insight we obtain into the character of Mrs. Greer is at p. 9 of the story of her life, where lying and stealing are incidentally mentioned as habits of her childhood. The authoress is not particularly refined in her phraseology. These are her words:—"As it always did when I told a lie, or stole anything nice out of the closet." Nothing comes of this; it illustrates nothing; it is merely a crumb cast upon the waters, and now returning to her, after many days. While still a child, we find her reading novels by stealth. A female servant is said to have had "an ardent love of novel-reading." "It was by chance," says Mrs. Greer, "I discovered this; and when I did, I bargained with her, that I would not tell on (*sic*) her, provided she let me read them." It is but fair to add, that this story is intended to tell against Quakerism, by making out the servant to be a Quakeress; but which is the greater crime—the reading of a novel, or the systematic deception, practised by a child not yet in her teens? However, this flimsy subterfuge will not serve her; for, a few pages further on, where she records having carried the novel-reading propensity to school, she says:—"When reading it ['Ivanhoe'] in the arbor or in the study, I always took care to provide myself with either an atlas or Sarah Grubb's Journal; and then, if either one of the mistresses or one of the spy-girls came in sight, the novel was popped under, and the Atlas or the Journal looked innocent or edifying." (p. 55.) This is told as meritorious, and to show how little the authoress was under the influence of what she calls the "slang language" of Quaker preachers. The same spirit peeps out in almost every page; and surely no one will regard it as a vantage-ground, from which the Society of Friends, or the memory of its brightest ornaments, can be assailed with success.

The character of the novelist further exhibits itself in her excessive vanity. She thus describes her *status* in society:—

"My father was a wealthy merchant, and an extensive landed proprietor. Our dwelling, a short distance from the town, stood in a lawn of about ten acres (!). The garden was large, and, as well as the conservatories and shrubberies, was always kept in

* Mr. J. R. Greer, of Markstown, near Dublin, has, in a newspaper controversy, distinctly claimed the authorship of "Quakerism," &c., for his wife.

the most elegant order. My mother had her chariot; we girls had a handsome open barouche; for my father's own use there was a stanhope; and there was the jaunting car for everybody. There were seldom less than six horses in the stable, and often more, for my brothers were fond of riding, and were first-rate horsemen."—p. 3.

"My father bore a more than unblemished character. There was not a man in the city who stood higher in general estimation. Our bishop, dean, and the noble and learned representatives of both county and city, greeted him with a cordial shake of the hand when they met."—p. 4."

"My father's lofty descent, his wealth, liberality, education," &c., &c.—*Ibid.*

"Six brothers and sisters of us sporting about our beautiful lawns, and surrounded with every conceivable comfort and luxury, with which my mother's care and exquisite taste had embellished our home," &c., &c.—p. 5.

Passages like this occur over and over again, *usque ad nauseam*. And next to this astounding vanity, is the inordinate love of talking about eating and drinking; indeed, we think we should keep within the strict limits of truth, were we to say that half the book is taken up with the victualing department. Quakers are now generally known to be remarkably temperate. Among them are a large number of rigid teetotallers and strict vegetarians; and the body collectively is distinguished for sobriety and moderation in meats and drinks. But this is not the character Mrs. Greer is pleased to give them. She pithily asserts of a female minister, whose funeral she attended.

"She lived in luxury and died of over-eating."—p. 38.

Some pages further on, the lively and imaginative writer sums up the occupations of Friends when assembled under the pretence of holding religious meetings, in the following words:—

"At these parties, the only occupation is eating, drinking, and talking. These were often indulged in to excess. I have seen the men reeling into the drawing-room, and heard them boast of each having got through fourteen tumblers of punch. I have seen some of these high professors indulge in unbounded gormandizing; and in eating, though happily not in drinking, some of the women rival the men."—p. 75.

Notwithstanding the disgust which a lady would naturally feel at witnessing such orgies, she continues to attend them sedulously until turned out of the Society, and thus deprived of the right to do so. Her chief object, however, does not appear to be religious instruction, but to observe and record the gastronomical proceedings. The reader will, perhaps, be as sur-

prised as we were, to find the charge of drunkenness and "unbounded gormandizing," followed by such querulous passages as these :—

"By very urgent entreaty, we accompanied a Friend to his house to dinner that day. He was a very rich man, and had both a town and country house. He had often been feasted at our home, and now he set us down with a large company to eat potatoes and cabbage and fried liver, and nothing else. We took an early leave of the party, and hurried to our hotel, where we comforted ourselves with a cup of tea and a mutton-chop."—p. 114.

Here is another specimen of the gormandizing :—

"A leg of mutton and potatoes, and a red round of cold beef, was all the dinner; not even a pudding; and when the cloth was removed, instead of wine, coffee was served up."—p. 151.

The following passage is to the same purport. It seems that the novelist, together with her father and sister, were honored, during their stay in London, with a general invitation to dine at the residence of Mr. Fry, the banker, in Mildred's-court, Poultry. This, on account, we presume, of the lofty descent of the father, they decline; but, in course of time, a livery servant was sent, by Mrs. Fry herself, with a polite note, requesting the pleasure of their company to dine with her, in three days' time. The invitation was accepted; the party went, and appeared to think of nothing else but ridiculing all they saw. But we have only to do with the dinner.

"The fare at our table was only middling in quality, and very scanty in quantity. Half a salmon at the head, and a roast leg of lamb at the foot, a small dish of potatoes, and a large silver basket of cut stale bread, was all provided for twenty-five people. . . . Our repast had been so very sparing that we complained of actual hunger to my father, who confessed to the same himself; and therefore we hurried to our own lodgings to get a bit of dinner. As we were going out of the house, we met three young men of our acquaintance, and one lady; [the three young men and one lady, we presume, had also dined at a Quaker's; otherwise there is no point in their requiring a second dinner,] and said, "Where are you hurrying to? Come with us." They hesitated a moment, and then said, "The fact is, we scarcely got a bit of dinner, and we are going to a confectioner's to get something to eat." So, finding we were all of the same mind, they came with us, and we had an impromptu dinner," &c.

It may possibly occur to the reader, on perusing these extracts, that the unbounded "gormandizing," so elegantly described by the authoress, would not be unfairly laid at the door of those members of the Society of Friends who make two

dinners in one day; although the frequency of the frugal dinners, which renders such double dining desirable, exempts the Society at large from so disgusting a charge. We, moreover, very respectfully inquire of the "lady," what, but the taking too much thought about what she should eat and what she should drink, induces her constantly to introduce such paragraphs as those which follow; and, also, how they are intended to tell against Quakers?

"We went by invitation to dine with one of the head Friends of Dublin. There were about eighteen guests. Our entertainment was excellent, choice, substantial, and varied with most delicious confectionary and good wines."—p. 140.

"We all hurried off to dinner. We found ourselves again in a large company, in which some English Friends were included. The dinner was a capital good one; fish, flesh, and fowl, and pies and puddings in abundance. . . . We went to another Friend's house to tea, and were entertained in the same way—plenty of tea, and cakes and good things."—pp. 148—510.

"We ask, how such paragraphs as these, intended to tell against the Quakers, because the lady fairly avers that her object is to expose that body—"to strip the society of that flimsy covering which has so long shrouded its workings?" We thoroughly believe every one of the passages we have extracted to be sheer fiction; but in order to get at the meaning, if meaning there be, let us suppose them all true; let us take them all for granted in spite of their startling incongruity; let us believe in the punch, in women eating themselves to death, in the rich Friend's cabbage and liver, in the mutton and potatoes, in Mrs. Fry's parsimony, in the delicious confectionary and good wines, in the fish, flesh, and fowl, tea and cakes;—what does it amount to? Simply this—that Quakers have a diversity of tastes and a diversity of usages, and are remarkably unfettered by a uniformity of practice in their meals; and, surely, this is not a discovery worth publishing to the world with a flourish of trumpets. If the lady can see evil in all these phases of dining, she must be the very type of those bees of Trebizond, which can extract poison from every flower, while they neglect to store the honey contained in all.

Having shown *what* the Quakers eat, let us now proceed to a matter of no less importance; and that is *how* they eat. The following is the novelist's version of a Quaker minister's mode of feeding.

"He was placed at my mother's left hand, and the rest of us, two-and-twenty in number, took our places. Scarce were we seated, when Friend Flannel's tall, awkward form arose; he

grasped the salt-cellar, stretched it half way down the table, and threw it all about. He said, 'I hate them buckets of salt. Mother, never put one near me again; mind, I hate salt.' He occasionally used his knife and fork, but much more frequently his fingers. He called for coffee, which not being ready, he said, 'Go get it; I'll wait for it;' and he went over to the fire until it was prepared. Then he came back to his seat, and ate fish in [with?] his fingers, and drank coffee, scolding and growling incessantly, and ordering 'the mother' to get one thing or another. . . . He called for meat at tea, and eat slice after slice of cold roast beef in his fingers, as another person would bread and butter; and, when going to bed, he said he must have something to eat at night; he ordered the parlor fire to be kept lighting, (lighted?) and a tray of bread and cheese and porter to be left for him. . He disdained to use a spoon in eating eggs. . . . He snatched the leg of a turkey up in his fingers, and gobbled it up, before any one else at the table was helped, and then run out of the house." Pp.—106–108.

This is not related of a madman, or of a boor, but of a Quaker minister, whom the authoress describes as being highly esteemed. She gives him the nickname of Flannel.

The Friends have, in this instance, the decided advantage; for, supposing the story to be true, it is too broad a farce for any rational being to believe. We really feel that an apology is due to our readers for dwelling-so long on eating and drinking; but the lady, to use a favorite expression of her own, is "very large" on these highly important topics.

Our readers will assuredly say, with Hamlet, "somewhat too much of this." Indeed, we feel that we have greatly exceeded the bounds of good taste, in dwelling so long on matters utterly unworthy of a Christian's thoughts; but without doing so, we could give no fair and faithful picture of the book itself; and when we receive a volume, claiming for itself a high and religious object, it were a dereliction of duty not to represent such a volume exactly as it is. On the same principle, we now proceed to investigate the charges against Mrs. Fry and Mr. Gurney—charges exhibiting the most degraded state of feeling that it has ever been our lot to expose, and to condemn.

Although we contend that no sect is answerable for the acts of individual members, yet, as society consists of individuals, and a sect of its members, and, more especially, as Mrs. Fry and Mr. Gurney were eminent and prominent members of the Society of Friends, we are inclined to admit, that the showing these two individuals to be deserving of general reprobation and contempt—the hurling them down from the pedestal on which mankind has placed them—must deeply affect the Society to which they belonged; and even make a marked impression on

the entire religious world. Our authoress evidently thinks the same. The prolonged preliminary chuckle with which the subject is introduced, shows us, that here, at least, she is making a fatal blow. But let us inquire—Do our readers know of whom we are speaking? If not, let us inform them that the late Mr. Gurney was an eminent banker in Norwich, so extensively known and respected, that ten thousand people are said to have attended his funeral, and that the late Bishop of Norwich preached a funeral sermon on that mournful occasion. In addition to his private virtues and liberality (the latter was really on a gigantic scale) he was highly distinguished as a theological writer; his “Evidences of Christianity” being considered, among the members of all creeds, a masterpiece of inductive reasoning. That he was born a Quaker, and remained one throughout his useful life, is a fact none will dispute; but he was no sectarian; his view of Christianity was the most enlarged and liberal that it was possible to take; a fact proved beyond question, by the tribute of respect paid to his memory by the prelate to whom we have just alluded. Such is the portrait of Mr. Gurney, accepted by the world as faithful; but it is entirely ignored by Mrs. Greer; she represents him as gluttonous, fastidious, imperious, dishonest, and altogether one of the most insignificant and contemptible characters that the imagination can picture. He is first introduced upon the stage as wrangling with Irish ostlers, on the subject of horsing his own coach; the cause of dispute being this:—The “real gentry,” by which term Mrs. Greer and party are intended, were stopping at an inn, when travelling in one of the grand carriages we have already had occasion to notice. Their horses were put to, and they were on the point of starting, when Mr. Gurney came up in his coach. It seems the landlord had but a pair of horses at command; so Mr. Gurney insisted on the ostler’s taking out Mrs. Greer’s horses, and putting them as leaders to the pair he had just hired. On this question the dispute arose, and, after raging through many pages, terminates, with poetical justice, in the “real gentry” retaining their own horses. Mr. Gurney was, at the time in question, travelling with Mrs. Fry; but the novelist has written no part for this distinguished lady in the stable farce; however, she soon makes her appearance on the stage. And now let Mrs. Greer speak for herself.

“A few days after these same Friends [*i. e.*, Mrs. Fry, Miss Elizabeth Fry, and Mr. Gurney] arrived in our city, and lodged with my uncle. They arrived on the seventh day afternoon. Their intended visit had been announced, and every preparation made, that the kindest hospitality could devise, to

give them a cordial Irish welcome. My uncle was a widower, and although his housekeeper was a clever young woman, and well skilled in the culinary department, still he felt greatly burthened with the honor which had been conferred upon him, in having to entertain these great Friends. At his request, my mother had been all over his house, to see that the accommodation provided for them was suitable. Beds of the softest down and sheets of the finest Irish linen, were prepared for them; and a double-bedded room for the two young men, whom they were in the habit of taking about to swell their train, and run of their messages. About seven o'clock that evening, we saw my uncle hastening up our lawn; and knowing, from his manner, that something had occurred to ruffle him, my mother went to meet him. 'Oh!' said he, 'what shall I do? after all I have not got things right for the Friends, and I am come to thee to help me. They cannot drink anything but London porter, and Elizabeth has called for calf's-foot jelly. I sent to all the confectioners' shops, but there was none to be had; and Debby is kept running about waiting on them, so that she could not make it; and, besides that, the butchers have not got any calves' feet. I sent round to them all to try. Friend John says he is quite distressed on account of his sister, as she requires those things, and that they quite expected to have them at my house, which makes the disappointment greater to them now.'

'Could thee get pigs' feet?' said my mother.

'Oh, yes, in plenty.'

'Well then, send me two sets of them, and I'll make jelly; she will never know the difference. Thee shall have it by ten o'clock to-morrow, and I would advise thee to tell the young men, and they will manage the porter for thee.' . . .

It was nine o'clock before the pigs' feet came, and then we set to work to manufacture them into jelly. My mother sat up all night, and had her task accomplished by eight o'clock in the morning, when it was sent down in a large cut glass dish; and she had, soon after, the pleasure of hearing that the English Friends said it was the nicest calf's-foot jelly they had ever tasted.

This was now first day; the Friends were to dine with us at three o'clock, and to have a meeting at seven, to which the town's people were invited. A dozen of our acquaintances were invited to meet the Friends at dinner; and it fell to my lot to stay from the Morning Meeting, in order to attend to the needful arrangement of this repast, which was as choice and abundant as could be provided on so short a notice. My sister had brought us word, the night before, of the honor intended for us. The meeting was over at twelve, as usual; and

at half-past two, up drove the well-known coach, with its important burden. The ladies were soon seated in the drawing-room, the gentlemen strolled into the garden, and the other guests dropped in one after another. Scarcely had the clock struck three, when Friend John said to my mother, 'Three, I think, is the hour for dinner; shall I ring the bell?' 'Oh! no,' she replied; 'some of our Friends have not yet arrived.' He sat down for about two minutes, and then began again. 'My sister will, I fear be annoyed, she quite expected dinner would be ready at three o'clock. We English Friends are accustomed to be punctual to time.' 'Dinner is quite ready to be served,' said my mother; 'but we must wait a few minutes for the guests we have invited to meet you.' 'Probably they will arrive,' he said, 'whilst dinner is being placed on the table. With thy permission, I will ring for it.' And he rose and walked across the room, and rang the bell. The butler entered. 'Let dinner be served,' he called out. The man looked amazed, but withdrew. I went down stairs to tell my sister how the matter stood. She countermanded the order; and, fearing that the Friends were hungry and suffering, called one of the 'train young men,' and told him to hand them a glass of wine and a biscuit, to enable them to fast about ten minutes longer. 'Ah!' said he, 'there is not the slightest occasion; as soon as ever the meeting was over, they went home, and called for beef-steak and porter; they all three eat heartily of that, and jelly besides.' Whilst we were speaking, Friend John himself joined us in the dining-room. 'Really,' said he, 'I am annoyed. This want of punctuality is very trying. My sister's convenience is sadly disregarded.'

Ellen at that moment saw the gentlemen we were waiting for, entering the gate; and, at a quarter after three, Friend John and his sister were satisfying the desires of the inner man with much apparent enjoyment. As soon as the cloth had been removed, and the wines and fruits laid on the table, the Friends dropped into the well-known ominous silence; and one after another preached a domestic sermon. Then they regaled on the dessert, and, when satisfied, requested to be shown to bedrooms, where they might 'take a lay,' to obviate any tendency to drowsiness in the Evening Meeting. The ladies were immediately accommodated; but we were somewhat surprised when the gentleman required the same for himself. His wants, too, were supplied, even to a night-cap, and a shawl to throw over his shoulders; but, ere he composed himself to sleep, he gave order that tea and coffee should be ready for his sister at half-past five o'clock. It was made ready as he wished; and then the three resumed their seats on the sofa, gracefully arranging the pillows and stools, and the ample folds of their drab dresses

and shawls, so as to form a pleasing *tableau vivant*. There they were served with tea and coffee; and again we had the satisfaction of thinking their appetites were not impaired. A plate of bread and butter, cut, as we thought, thin, being handed to the little Elizabeth, she helped herself rather superciliously, and then remarked, "Ah! this may pass with me; but certainly it will not with my sister." One of the young people took the loaf to cut some thinner slices for the important lady; and, whilst doing so, Friend John, leaning forward, said, 'Dost thou not feel it a privilege to be permitted to cut bread for my sister?' We were all glad when the weary day was over; for though we fully appreciated the honor of having the company, under our own roof, of these celebrated Friends, still our feelings had been tried, by the manner in which they had received our attention."—p. 168.

This is the picture, as drawn by the novelist. The narrative is bald, disjointed, and inelegant: but this is a matter of small moment; the facts, if not positively and intentionally false, are so distorted and burlesqued, the additions and omissions are so important, and so numerous, that no idea whatever is conveyed of the real facts of the case. It is the occasional custom of the ministers of the Society of Friends to visit distant parts of the country, or even foreign countries, under a conscientious belief that they are required to preach the gospel in those places. It is scarcely required of us to enter into a criticism on such a custom; its existence is all that we have now to deal with. Mrs. Fry, in company with her brother, the Mr. Gurney of whom we have just spoken, and her sister-in-law, Miss Elizabeth Fry, undertook such a journey, in the beginning of the year 1827, leaving London on the 4th of February. They landed at Dublin, and visited Armagh, Lisburne, Londonderry, Sligo, Galway, Limerick, and Cork, besides a great number of intervening places of less importance; all public institutions, as prisons, schools, and lunatic asylums, were assiduously visited; long and fatiguing interviews took place with all officials connected with such establishments; ladies' committees were formed in every part of the island, and their labors defined, and actually commenced, under the practised eye of the philanthropic founder, who, from morning till night, labored in her Christian vocation. In addition to all this, she constantly held religious meetings, and frequently preached to the audience for an hour at a time. It seems wonderful, that one of such gentle nurture as Mrs. Fry—one who had enjoyed every luxury and every indulgence that could be devised, even from her very infancy—should have undertaken and accomplished the almost Herculean labors she was now daily engaged in. At last, nature gave way. Let us consult her biographer,

Mrs. Cresswell, as to her state at this period. "She was becoming worn and over-fatigued, and every day added to the difficulty with which she accomplished the work allotted to it. Happily, they reached the hospitable dwelling of John Strangman, at Waterford, before her powers completely failed her. It was on Friday, the 12th of April, when she arrived there, and for more than a week she needed all the care and close nursing which she experienced; then she gradually began to rally, and they pursued their onerous work."* No one will entertain the slightest doubt of the truth of Mrs. Cresswell's narrative. Even the 'lady' cannot impute the tortuosities of Quakerism to a member of the Church of England, who has not exhibited a single Quaker sympathy throughout the whole of her two bulky volumes. Mrs. Fry herself, in her private journal, has given the following touching account of herself at this period of her career:—

"The great numbers that followed us, almost wherever we went, was one of those things that I believe was too much for me. No one can tell, but those who have been brought into similar circumstances, what it is to feel as I did at such times; often weak and fagged in body, exhausted in mind, having things of importance to direct my attention to, and not less than a multitude around me, each expecting a word or some mark of attention. . . . I felt completely sinking, hardly able to hold up my head, and by degrees became seriously ill. Fever came on, and ran very high, and I found myself in one of my distressing, faint states; indeed, a few hours were most conflicting; I never remember to have known a more painful time; tried without, distressed within, feeling such fears lest it should try the faith of others, my being thus stopped by illness, and lest my own faith should fail."—*Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry*, vol. ii., p. 41.

We feel perfectly confident, that not one of our readers will hesitate to accept the statements of Mrs. Cresswell and Mrs. Fry as plain, unvarnished truth: and how widely are they at variance with Mrs. Greer's gross and unmannerly burlesque of this visit to *her father's* house! Yes; Mr. Strangman, the pious, hospitable, generous, noble-hearted, and gentlemanly Mr. John Strangman, was the father of the "lady," Mrs. Greer; and, perhaps, no greater contrast could be conceived than the truly affectionate and tender care which the over-worked and exhausted philanthropist received on the occasion of her visit to his house, and the rude, distorted caricature drawn of that visit by his degenerate daughter. The high fever, the illness, almost to the point of death, are entirely omitted; their introduction would have explained the requiring of calf's-foot jelly,

* "Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry," vol. ii., p. 40.

the nocturnal manufacture of which, by the mistress herself, out of pigs' feet, was too clever a fiction, and too excellent a joke, to be omitted. It fully accounts for the additional trouble which her visit was very likely to occasion—trouble of which the hosts were themselves proud; and the dwelling on which, after a lapse of twenty-four years, and when all the actors have long been resting in the silent tomb, is an instance of bad taste, of which we recollect no parallel. It will be of no avail for the authoress to attempt escape, by saying she alludes to some other visit of Mrs. Fry's to Waterford; the party which she has described were at Waterford but once. They were entertained at John Strangman's house; and Mrs. Greer, the authoress of "Quakerism," was then Sarah Strangman, and was residing with her father in that very house. Mrs. Fry came into that house in a state of utter prostration of strength, and was nursed with the utmost kindness, through a dangerous, but brief, illness. Were it needful, we would appeal to her family for the truth of what we are saying; but published documents, of unquestioned authority, like those we have cited, will be amply sufficient to satisfy our readers.

We do, however, take some comfort in the reflection, that it is utterly impossible that such palpably false statements can, for a moment, dim the fair fame of Mrs. Fry, or in any way affect the respectability or worth of the religious society to which she belonged, although the "lady" has the audacity to say that she has invoked a blessing on every page of the calumnious caricature.

We will devote a dozen lines to one more subject—the texts, preaching, and conduct our novelist records, as having fallen under her notice in Quakers' meetings. The first worth citing is a text. "There was once an old horse, and he had a sore leg."—p. 106.

Whether the following is a text or an exordium is not apparent:—"Good morrow morning, my fine first-day [Sunday] morning gallery bucks; what brings you here to-day? 'A light heart and a thin pair of breeches will carry you through, my brave boys.'"—p. 111.

By a curious coincidence, both these jokes were let off long before Mrs. Greer's day, and flourished in print full sixty years ago; the only difference we can find, is the substitution, in one of them, of "first-day" for "Sunday." The elegance and feminine delicacy of the only other passage of the kind which we shall cite, proves its originality; we would not rob the "lady" of a word of it. It is an imaginary colloquy, immediately following a discourse by Mrs. Fry. "'I wish somebody would incense me into the meaning of what she was trying to say.' 'I'll tell you,' said another voice. 'The decent woman says

she has her eye on you, and that you are a BIG BLACKGUARD, AND THAT YOU ARE GOING HOT-FOOT TO HELL.'”—p. 163.

Here we beg to observe, that the interlocutors are not stated to be Quakers, or to have any connexion with Quakers; and that the conversation has not the most remote bearing on what precedes, or what follows; and that it appears to be introduced simply to enliven the narrative, on the same principle that sailors shot their discourse with oaths.

Charges of the vilest description are brought against Quakers, in a style corresponding with most of the passages we have transferred to these pages; but these are always unaccompanied by names of persons or places, or by any other clue, by means of which their falsehood may be detected.

At p. 353 we are told of “two ministers, who, whilst sitting side by side in the gallery, clothed in all the paraphernalia of the society’s most consistent costume, and for many years preaching to the entire satisfaction of the meeting, were yet during all that time living together a life of sin.” In all kinds of wickedness, the families of Quaker preachers take the lead. “The most scandalous deeds I have ever heard of amongst Friends or among any people, immorality in its most hideous forms, licentiousness, and dishonorable conduct, are in ministers’ families.”—p. 88.

This conduct does not appear to elicit any censure, or to carry with it any punishment. Those in authority wink at every species of crime. “I have seldom known an instance of a member being disowned for sin. But for being unfortunate, and for transgressing the rules of the society, paying tithes, marrying out of the meeting, often, very often. But for sin never, unless compelled by publicity.”—p. 264.

In a word, the Friends are made out to be liars, swindlers, adulterers, drunkards, and gluttons. Words could not describe a set of more unmitigated scoundrels than they are here represented. So low are they fallen, that the authoress conceives it “utterly impossible that Quakerism can survive this generation.” (p. 393.) We think the “lady” is bound to explain why, under such flagrant circumstances, it has endured for two centuries.

This state of the society is traced to three causes, in as many widely-detached passages. First, to priestly domination. “There is a great similarity between Quakerism and Popery. Both are the religion of the priests, and the people are compelled to an outward conformity. The domineering influence of the Friends who take part in the discipline over the body, is exactly a counterpart of that which the priests exercise over their flocks.”—p. 127.

Secondly, to absolute infidelity. “I have often met with

open infidelity under the name of Quakerism, and a teacher in Friends' families, a pious man, has lately informed me, that, with very few exceptions, the young Quakers, his pupils, are growing up infidels."—p. 264.

Thirdly, to neglect of the Bible. "I am persuaded that all the evils which now abound in the society have arisen from the neglect of the holy Scriptures."—p. 398.

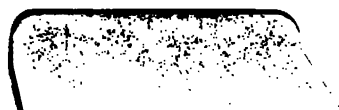
The eyes of the authoress were slowly opened to these important truths. She studied the subject most patiently and carefully.

"At length, and not without thought, and prayer, and research, and years of careful study, I am now clearly of opinion that Quakerism is not what it professes to be, a pure form of Christianity; but a deep and subtle delusion; where some truth is mixed up with great error—where the most soul-deluding doctrines are clothed in the garment of superior sanctity—where imagination is substituted for inspiration—where spiritual pride assumes the form of mock humility, and external forms take the place of dedication of heart—where the ignorant and the hypocritical take the lead, and where the substance—the life of religion—faith in the blood of Jesus Christ, is never mentioned."—p. 110.

Mrs. Greer's own record of her childhood, her distorted account of Mrs. Fry's visit, and, indeed, every extract we have given, devoid, as it is of all show of probability, must have prepared our readers for slanders such as these, unaccompanied by the slightest attempt at proof; but our readers are not prepared to learn, neither will they be able to imagine, why Mrs. Greer should have remained for forty years among so degraded a sect as she represents the Society of Friends to be; or why, when that society determined to shake her off, she resisted the attempt to the utmost of her power, and availed herself of every practicable mode of delaying, if not averting, the fiat which was finally to dis sever the bond of union between herself and Quakerism. On this struggle for the retention of membership, she dwells for more than fifty pages; and condemns, in the most unmeasured terms, the conduct of those officers of the society, who, at last, succeeded in completing her excommunication. Then, again, no sooner was the judgment issued, than she humbly entreats that it may be reversed. In a letter, addressed to the society, with this object, she states, that "her heart is with her people," and that it is her "wish to continue the regular attendance of Friends' Meeting," where as we have just quoted, "the ignorant and the hypocritical take the lead, and where the substance—the life of religion—faith in the blood of Jesus Christ, is never mentioned." And be it observed, this is not the hasty or inconsiderate act of childhood, but penned in

mature, if not in declining life, with a family grown up around her, and after she had devoted "*thought, and prayer, and years of careful study*" to the merits and demerits of Quakerism. In this letter of supplication for reinstatement, she goes on to state, that she "highly values, and anxiously desires to retain her birthright in the society," and claims, "on behalf of herself and her dear offspring, not only the sympathy but the justice of her friends." In this abject manner does this wretched woman pray that herself and her children may continue members of a society, which, according to her own account, is composed of swindlers, drunkards, and adulterers, and often of absolute infidels! and she herself a highly professing Christian! She does not pretend that there is any pecuniary or worldly advantage in this retention of membership. She only pleads her attachment to a society, more deeply steeped in atrocity than any that novelist had previously dared to paint, and before which the semi-demons of Sue pale their ineffectual fires. Notwithstanding such atrocity, she tells us, "I still had an unaccountable hankering after the silent meeting, an indestructible affection for very many of the Friends, and an intense anxiety to be a true spiritual worshipper of the Mighty God, who I knew was present everywhere that his Spirit was invoked." (p. 373.) Yes, reader, the Mighty God present where "*soul-deluding doctrines are clothed in the garment of superior sanctity—where spiritual pride assumes the form of mock humility, and the external forms take place of dedication of heart!*"

And here we take leave of a volume, which we have read throughout with unmitigated disgust. And, in all sincerity, we recommend Mrs. Greer to abandon a species of writing, for which she has no single qualification, and to conquer feelings, which are utterly incompatible with a Christian's duty to her God, to her neighbor, to her children, and to herself.



C 8344.372.10
Vindication of Friends /
Widener Library

003749807



3 2044 081 819 559

